The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of al our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and heaire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, wel you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence,
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs,
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great oppinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe,
Yet al goes well, yet al our iontes are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſin Vernon, welc
Ver. Pray God my newes be w
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeu
Is marching hitherwards, with
Hot. No harme what more?
Ver. And further I haue learn
The King himſelfe in perſon h
Or hitherwardes intended ſpee
With ſtrong and mighty prepar
Hot. He ſhall be welcome to
The nimble footed madcap, P
And his Cumrades, that daſt th
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht, all in Arme
All plumde like Eſtridges, that
Baited like Eagles hauing lately
Glittering in golden coats like
As ful of ſpirit as the month of
And gorgeous as the ſunne at
Wanton as youthful goates, wi
I ſaw yong Harry with his beu
His cuſhes on his thighes, galla
Riſe from the ground like feath
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into
As if an angell dropt downe fro
To turne and wind a fiery Pega
And witch the world with nob
Hot. No more, no more, wors
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues.
They com like ſacrifices in the
And to the fire-eyd maide of ſm
All hot and bleeding will we o
The mailed Mars ſhall on his a
Vp to the eares in bloud, I am
To heare this rich reprizall is ſ
And yet not ours: Come, let me
Who is to boare me like a thunc
Againſt the boſome of the Prin

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34